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The marriage of Mlle. Juliette Dorus with M. Rabaud, premier violoncellist of the Imperial Academy of Music, is announced by *Le Menestrel*. The affair took place in the Church Saint Roch, and was attended by many of the most eminent artists in Paris.

The theatres, concerts, etc., of Paris, make a return for the month of September of receipts amounting to 2,702,752.31 francs, or about \$550,000.

The Society of Authors and Composers make their returns to date, for the last year, at 294,775.49 francs.

The Grand Theatre of Marseilles does not pay, and the city authorities are about to give it a subvention, though to what amount is not yet decided.

Mme. Balbi-Verdier is engaged for the Theatre Strasbourg, and will appear in the rôles of Philene, in *Mignon*, and Juliette of *Romeo et Juliette*.

A beautiful new musical and art paper has been started in Paris, entitled *La Revue des Lettres et des Arts*, under the editorship of Villices de l'Isle-Adam.

European gossipers insist that the real reason why the engagement between the King of Bavaria and the Arch Duchess Sophie was broken off, was because the lady did not like Wagner's music, and was promised too much of it. A new opera, threatened for the very night of the wedding, broke off the affair.

M. and Mde. Ziberini open the season at Milan, with *Zampa*, which will be followed by *Mignon*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Oct. 25th.

DEAR MR. WATSON:

As these bright, autumnal days are fast bearing from us the grand Paris Exposition, my interest in its departing glory deepens. Scarce a day now passes that I do not spend some portion of it among its congregated wonders, and sad, indeed, is the reflection that in a few days this palace will be razed, and its dazzling beauties scattered over the wide world, and many of the objects upon which I have dwelt with loving gaze, I may never meet again—the section of crystals, so beautiful, so like air-bubbles, or frost-tracery in their exquisite delicacy—and the Gobelin tapestry, so regally pictorial: The crown jewels, too—all artistic, all suggestive of the ideal.

Yesterday, although the day was gloomy with moaning winds and beating rain, I visited the Exposition—allured there, however, by the announcement that Mr. Haner, the young American pianist, was to play on the Chickering pianos. Two years ago Mr. Haner was a student with me under Prof. Stamaty,

but a year later left alluring Paris for the grim austerities of Austria. Mr. Haner did not leave Paris, I am sure, through any discontent with his professor, but in the true spirit of a musical Knight in pursuit of adventures, he departed in quest of technical difficulties, real or imaginary, which, in the confident strength of youth, he longed to meet and conquer. Mr. Haner does not claim to have yet finished his musical studies, but from the feats of extraordinary agility and strength I have seen him display, I should think he had very little to learn in the way of technique. Mr. Haner's programme for this occasion was somewhat different from the class of music usually performed at these little *après midi* entertainments. This is it:

- a Fantaisie Sonate Mozart.
- b Fugue Hummel.
- c Sonates op. 2, no. 2 Beethoven.

The announcement that Mr. Haner was to play at the Exposition attracted a large number of his friends, so that long before the hour quite a little audience had assembled around the Chickering enclosure, awaiting with eager expectancy the appearance of the young pianist, and with the first notes of the brilliant Fantaisie Sonate, the visitors straying within the vicinity were drawn into the ring surrounding the estrade, thus augmenting the modest audience of friendly faces into a multitudinous crowd. It seems scarcely possible that this motley crowd should be possessed of such musical culture as to enable them to appreciate this high entertainment, but whether it was the novelty of the tones, or the handsome face of the young artist, I know not; yet it is certain that not a distracting foot strayed from that charmed spot during the entire performance. These large pieces were well calculated to display Mr. Haner's splendid execution: his well-trained hands grasping marvellous chords, and imparting to the bass passages a force and resonance that I have rarely heard, especially in the fugue of old Hummel, when the notes chase each other through every possible key, to end with a grand octave passage, ever crescendo until it culminates in two fortissimo crashes.

When the hour allotted to Mr. Haner had expired, he rose to leave the piano, but there was a request for him to play the "Jennesse" of Mr. Gottschalk. This delicate morceau was a true love of mine, and many a heart ache I have had from hearing its dreamy poetry pounded into a common-place dance-mazourka. I remember once hearing a young musician play the "Jennesse" in this execrable manner, and when I remonstrated with him, he gave as his excuse that he had forgotten how Mr. Gottschalk played it. "Then," I said, "try to play it as you understand it: what is your idea of youth?" "Fast," he said; no more ideal picture had entered his mind. But Mr. Haner, I am happy to say, evinced a true musical sympathy with this delicious bit of tone-poetry, imparting to it an imaginative coloring that would have delighted the poetic heart of its author; especially in the dream-picture, which he invested with all the lustrum of youth, so expressive of golden hopes, of wild ambition, bringing before the mind vivid pictures of *chateaux en Espagne*; and into the awakening he threw so much passionate yearning that there must have been tears in other eyes than mine among his delighted listeners.

After the music, I spent an hour in my favorite pavillon des *Beaux Arts* among the Bavarian pictures. Here I was pleased to find the dear, old, familiar story of Cinderella told in a series of exquisite water-color designs, bringing before me the visions of my baby days, when I used to read in the original Grimm's delightful version of "Aschenputtel." The pictures were all upon one board, having for their centre the wedding of Cinderella, and her previous adventures surrounding it in smaller views. We first see Cinderella at her mother's death-bed, a pale, slight girl, with golden hair, and soft, dreamy eyes; and next at the marriage of her father, which introduces the two unlovely step-sisters. Then follow two scenes in which Cinderella is sitting disconsolate in the chimney corner among the ashes; in the other she is weeping over her mother's grave. True to the German tradition, the Fairy Godmother is replaced by a magical tree, which Cinderella has planted upon her mother's grave. There are two pretty views where Cinderella has called the birds to assist her in the task of picking up the lentils from the ashes. In another scene she is kneeling upon her mother's grave, praying to go to the ball, while from the rustling branches is seen descending the fairy costume;—but the pictures are too numerous for me to speak of each separately.

Hanging beside this is the "Sleeping Beauty," the true counterpart of "Aschenputtel" in romantic beauty. This old-time fairy tale is represented in the same style—a succession of picture-scenes, and from its highly poetic character remind's one more of Tennyson's ineffably imaginative poem, the Day Dream, than the ordinary child's version.

There is another picture quite unlike those I have just mentioned, before which I stand in awesome silence; and this one is as grandly real as the two preceding are ideal. I allude to "*Le Mort de César*," by Charles Piloty, Professor in the *Academie des Beaux Arts* of Munich. It is a large picture, and everything about it seems to me wonderfully perfect; so also must the judges have esteemed it, as the artist received for its excellence the grand medal. The Death of Cæsar, although great Cæsar is not yet dead, but soon will be, for above his imperial head gleams the dagger in the hand of cruel Brutus. There are many historical figures in the picture, all chosen types of Roman strength—but Cæsar—oh! never did I look upon such a face, so calmly great, so intellectually powerful. He is sitting, and in his hand he holds the rod of justice surmounted with the imperial eagle. The simple white toga and the laurel chaplet give an inexpressible air of chaste grandeur to the Roman Dictator.

The evening of this eventful day I spent at the Grand Opera, where I heard *Le Trouvère*. The contralto part was sung by Mlle. Bloch, and never did I hear the gipsy's story told with such vocal passion. I fear I enjoyed this sensational music more than became a student of Beethoven; but I apologize by the recollection that I acquired the taste in my baby days, as it is the first opera I ever saw—I suppose it would scarce be proper to say heard. Brignoli was the romantic tenor, and his charming voice and aristocratic air so impressed my infant heart that I have never quite recovered.

Harry Sanderson—"Our Harry"—is here, and is arranging to give a concert in the

Grand Hotel next week. Last Friday Teresa Carreño played in a charity concert given in the salons of the Grand Hotel. She played several compositions of her own, one being her fantasia upon the Africaine.

Au revoir.

CECILIA.

GOUNOD AT COLLEGE.—It seems that, when a boy at college, every effort was made to destroy his musical genius. His professor, M. Poirson, was in despair. His parents intended him for the Ecole Normale. On its being announced to him that he was to go up for the necessary examination, the boy burst into tears, and steadily refused to continue his classical studies. His mother appealed to M. Poirson, and implored him to recall her boy to what she considered to be his duty. The stern professor accordingly sent for him, and in a tone more threatening than encouraging, said to him—

"So you wish to be a musician?"

"Yes, sir," replied the terrified boy.

"But that is not a profession."

"What, sir, the profession of Beethoven, of Mozart, of Gluck, is not a profession?"

"But," interrupted his interrogator, "you must remember that Mozart at your age had already music composed worth publishing, whereas you have only scribbled notes on paper. However, here is your last chance—if you really are a musician, you can set words to music."

The old man copied out the poem, "Joseph," *A peine au sortir de l'en France*. The boy rushed up to his school desk, and after studying the subject, wrote an air and accompaniment, which he brought back to his professor and showed to him, pale with emotion. He felt that on his judgment his future career depended. He sang it to the old man, who listened in amazement, and led him to his drawing-room, where he made him play the accompaniment on a piano. Those present were enraptured by the beauty of the composition, and it was at once decided that young Gounod must follow the bent of the undoubted genius with which he was gifted.

MEYERBEER'S REHEARSALS.

Of all rehearsals, those of Meyerbeer's operas, when attended by the illustrious composer, were—with respect be it said—the most tedious. No musician was ever so fastidious about the effect to be produced by his music. He would score some *morceaux* in several different ways: the first he would write in blue ink, the second in red, the third in green. At the first rehearsal he would have all tried consecutively, and, placing himself in the audience part of the theatre, listen to the result, always seeking the opinion of some one in whose judgment he had confidence, generally Madame Viardot, before deciding which scoring should be adopted. After each rehearsal, Meyerbeer used to go round to the different members of the orchestra to compliment them, or to make some suggestion on their respective performances. On the production of his "Camp of Silesia" in Berlin, he was desirous that a great effect should be made by the loud clashing of cymbals in a certain part of the opera. At the conclusion of the first rehearsal, Meyerbeer went as usual to the performers, congratulated some, and proposed various *nuances* to others.

Coming to the cymbals, he assured the player that nothing could be better than the

precise manner in which they had been sounded; but, if he might make a request, it would be that they should be "*un peu plus fort*." He was assured that his suggestion should have every attention.

After the second rehearsal, however, the great maestro made the same remark, "*Tout était charmant, mais, si c'est possible, je le voudrais un peu plus fort*."

At the third rehearsal the player was so anxious to gratify the wish of the composer, that he not only made them sound "*un peu plus fort*," but he smashed the cymbals; and, the next clash being altogether inaudible, he held up the fragments in his hand to show, much to Meyerbeer's astonishment, what had happened.

It is related of the famous Dragonetti that, after performing a most fatiguing solo on the double-bass, he obstinately refused the call for an encore. After considerable delay, the Venetian patriarch of the contra-basso explained to the manager, in his own peculiar style—"Well, I play encore, but you pay encore?" and ten guineas was the penalty which this encore cost. If popular singers were to pursue the same system, managers would soon adopt means to suppress the nuisance.

An autograph hunter, who is also a clerk in an insurance office, wrote for Maretzek's autograph, and got the following reply:—

"In answer to yours, I would ask whether you could insure the voices of singers against burning their throats with bad liquors?"

"Yours, truly,

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